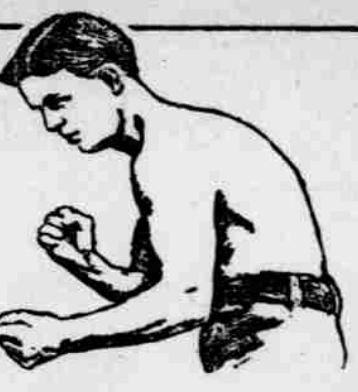


Life, Battles and Career of Battling Nelson

XVIII.—Third Fight With Gans

By BATTILING NELSON,
Lightweight Champion of the World

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I HAD determined to keep in condition and continue my fighting career in the hope that I would finally get Gans in a ring and let the people know which of us was really the better fighter. After touring the west I finally started for Seattle, where I had intended fighting one Kid Scaler but I stopped off at Portland in response to a long telegram.

I was called to the long distance telephone upon my arrival, and who do you suppose was on the other end of the wire? No other than Willus Britt, the clever little brother of Sir James Edward.

"I think I have everything arranged for a fight with Gans," said Willus in a clear voice, and my heart jumped into my throat. I felt that my life's ambition was about to be realized.

After three conversations over the telephone and a few hundred words over the telegraph wires the match was within a few hours of being closed. Johnny Reed very kindly agreed to let me call off the Scaler match, and I beat it for Frisco. Upon my arrival I found that all arrangements had been made for me to fight Gans on July 4. I went to Mendon Hall Springs for a week's training with my assistants—Jack Grace, Red Cornett, Percy Dana and Manager Willus Britt.

We spent a week at the springs, hunting and climbing hills and doing road work, etc. We found the high altitude very beneficial. Next we went to Millett's training quarters at Colma, Cal., which had been my old lucky stamping grounds.

A Fourth of July Affair.

We met at the lightweight limit, 133 ringside. The fight was to commence directly after weighing in. Jack Welsh of San Francisco was mutually agreed upon as referee of the contest by all parties concerned.

We entered the ring a few minutes after 3, and both were accorded hearty receptions. After a bit of preliminary photographing and posing for the moving picture machines we bandaged our hands and were ready for the fray. Then old familiar Billy Jordan, the official announcer, said:

"Gentlemen, this will be a forty-five round contest, straight Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern. Let 'em go!"

As we entered the arena, as usual, I was the under dog in the betting. Any one who cared to bet a dollar on me could practically "write his own ticket." Just to give an idea of how the battle looked in the fourth round such a wise fellow as the "one time" fighter Sam Berger bet \$20 against \$2 with a personal friend of mine named Joseph Hamlet of Ireland. I could never see where I had any the worst of the fighting at all, but some of our opinionists differ.

After the seventh round I had such a big lead in the fight that every man in the house seemed of the opinion that "Nelson is a sure winner, and it is only a question of rounds before the black man will get his."

Before our first battle in Goldfield I was somewhat in doubt as to my ability of being able to defeat the black wonder, but after that fight I was more confident than ever.

I knew full well that the negro had quit in Goldfield during the first part of the forty-second round, claiming foul, when the referee awarded him the verdict.

Gans Scents Defeat.

In the sixteenth round Gans admitted that he was being beaten beyond all question when he attempted to take unfair means. He tried to push me through the ropes and, in fact, did everything dirty he knew how rather than be knocked out by me.

In the seventeenth round I became somewhat angered, but I was careful not to lose control of myself. I followed him around the ring, pounding him unmercifully about the body.

Toward the end of the round we fell into a clinch. As we were pulling away I saw my chance. Drawing my arm to one side about six inches, I dealt him a terrible left half scissor hook squarely on the top of his liver. The negro let forth a loud grunt. His face twisted up, his eyes rolled back, and, crumpling up like a bundle of paper, he fell sprawling on the mat. He was out good and clean.

Gans claimed foul two or three times during this Colma fight, but his claims were not allowed by Referee Welsh.

I had achieved the ambition of my

life. I had licked them all. I was now the real champion of the world and nobody could question my title in any way whatever.

My decisive defeat of the negro champion at Colma that day should have been sufficient to convince the public that I was his master, but several sport writers intimated that Gans might have thrown the fight to me or "laid down," as some expressed it.

Another Match With Gans.

This worked on my pride, and, feeling that I could beat him again, I finally agreed to a return go. Jimmy Coffroth offered us flattering inducements to fight again at his club in Colma, and after some argument over details I agreed to give the negro another chance.

The third and last fight with Gans was decided on Admission day, Sept. 9.

Eddie Smith of Oakland officiated as referee. For the first time in my life I entered the ring an overwhelming favorite in the betting. The betting was just the opposite of the Fourth of July meeting. At that time if you wanted to bet on me you could practically write your own ticket. In the present fight if you wanted to bet on the negro you could write your own ticket and there would be no questions asked.

Practically all the betting that was done was on the number of rounds the negro would last. In the July fight I made two bets with him—one of \$500, against \$1,000 that I would win the contest, the other \$500 even money I would last twenty rounds. When I was making the bet I considered it about the same thing as robbing a man's safe. Nevertheless it was Gans who put the bet up to me, and I naturally accepted it.

In the September fight I offered the negro the same bets that he offered me in the other match, only I was the favorite this time, but he refused to consider them.

Nelson Threatens His Opponent.

Before commencing the battle I walked over to Gans' corner and reminded him of the dirty, mean, contemptible, foul methods he used in the sixteenth round of our last battle, when he tried to push me through the ropes and possibly injure me for life by so doing.

I warned him that if he attempted any of those tricks or resorted to any unfair means during the battle he would get all that was coming to him.

If Gans had any hope of winning this battle before we entered the ring he lost it all right there. He seemed to turn "white" with fright.

At the end of the twentieth round it was noticed that Gans shook hands with his manager, Benny Selig, as much as to say, "Well, I won," meaning he lasted twenty rounds and won his twenty round money.

Joe's time after that was very short lived. In the twenty-first round he went out with a spirit of do or die, taking a chance of mixing for the first time during the entire fight, with hopes of either landing a lucky punch or being laid away, thus ending his suffering.

He certainly bumped into several good hard punches by taking that chance, as I finally succeeded in hooking that now famous "left half scissor hook" into his liver. As soon as I had landed that punch I could tell that his finish was near. I stepped back a bit to steady myself to land another similar punch when he keeled over on his head, helpless and unable to continue.

This made the third time that I had fought the same Gans and beat him each and every time with the same identical punch—the "left hand scissor hook," which was originated by me.

While showing in Detroit the following fall the world's championship baseball series opened between the Chicago Cubs of the National league and the Detroit Tigers of the American league. By reporting these games for a syndicate of papers I became a writer. Then I went back home.

I don't mean that I found the literary business as easy to pull off as a fight or that I took to it with any great success at first. After I had studied the game a little it went off better. It was my beginning as a newspaper writer, but I have done a good deal of that work since then.

Twenty men, led by Manager Kent, from the Brass Shop, cavorted around Seaside Park during the morning. This team, unlike the No. 2 Burnham and the Yosts, have not a field of their own for practice. The two teams named have been on their fields so far for about two weeks.

Not much is being heard from the camp of the A. & B. team. Their only claim is that they'll be there with flying colors on May 15.

WANT ADS. CENT A WORD.

ANYTHING in a store that is worth selling is worth advertising.

Let the public know what you have to sell, through the columns of the "Farmer." The cost is small and the method effective.

HOWLING.

League records took a bound, last evening, at the Arcade alleys, the three individual total and the three string team total suffering thereby. To the All-Americans goes the records with the individual of 670 and the total of 1818. This was in the last game of the evening between the All-Americans and the "Victors." Two other league contests were rolled, the Clintons being the goats in both, winning only one string out of the six. The scores:

NATIONALS.			
Whalen	200	193	193-585
Williams	179	194	165-538
Banks	141	216	158-515

CLINTONS.			
Douglas	176	170	160-506
Sterling	199	182	146-527
F. Musante	139	169	186-484

AMERICANS.			
Tiernan	170	199	207-576
Mollinelli	163	213	181-557
Brewer	147	189	187-533

CLINTONS.			
Douglas	213	148	161-522
Sterling	177	174	173-513
Banks	150	164	162-476

AMERICANS.			
Tiernan	198	222	196-616
Mollinelli	176	248	206-632
Brewer	185	210	176-571

VICTORS.			
Lieberum	246	161	180-587
Divor	178	151	177-506
Smallwood	168	158	182-508

AMERICANS.			
Tiernan	198	222	196-616
Mollinelli	176	248	206-632
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The Park City alleys were owned exclusively last evening by the U. M. C. Co. team, who had as their guests the Winchester of New Haven. The New Haven crew blew into town on the 7:29 train, about 100 strong, and were immediately escorted to the alleys, by a committee from the U. M. C.'s. Big pins and ducks were indulged in the local teams were victorious. After play there was a number of songs and remarks. Music was discoursed by Benner's orchestra. By their victory the U. M. C. team retain possession of the trophy they had set up as a prize. At big pins the locals took two of three points, while at ducks the visitors did not have a look in. The scores:

WINCHESTER BOWLING ASSO.			
Bowman	146	149	136-431
Schmidt	150	141	156-447
Davidson	150	150	200-500
Raymond	135	123	158-458
Romp	182	155	176-513

UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.			
Lawson	147	157	156-460
Graether	139	138	132-419
Simpson	127	156	183-451
Hull	172	150	168-510
Hull	186	177	163-525

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